THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 90.

Usus vetusto genere, sed rebus novis. Phæd.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

Don Thomas Yriarte, a Spanish fabulist, in a volume of poetical apologues, propounds one as a version from Esop, and imagines the reader, under this impression, to descant largely on its merit and ingenuity; but when informed that it is an original of his vernacular tongue, to be as severe in his reprehension of the Spaniard, as he had been lavish in his eulogy on the Phrygian. Every person, conversant with the biography of literature, must perceive how forcibly the moral, deducible from this fiction, applies to letters in general, and particularly to the fate of works of imagination. Among the smaller productions of our language, now dignified by universal and enthusiastic admiration, there are many, I can venture to assert, which would have been consigned to oblivion, had they not come forth under the auspices of a reputation antecedently established, or propitiated public favour by some auxiliary, equally extrinsic and fortuitous. To the works of a writer already raised to literary eminence, the reader advances with anticipated reverence and expectant gratification; attention is roused to avoid the imputation of a narrow discernment, or a defective taste; the plastic power of imagination, if substantial do not abound, can easily create a multitude of ideal excellencies: every grace is invested with tenfold attraction, every remote allusion industriously pursued, and every latent beauty diligently scrutinized. When, on the contrary, the ground is not thus pre-occupied, when a man offers to the world his effusions, unsupported by adventitious aid, we are too apt to contemn as arrogant the claims of a new competitor for fame, to degrade his very excellencies to the level of imperfection, and look with indifference on a page which may teem with the most exalted felicities of fancy, which may breathe the native fire of genius, and sparkle with the radiance of the most polished wit. It is almost superfluous to mention, that Milton's Paradise Lost remained a long time neglected on the shelf, or that Cervantes, to procure readers for Don Quixote, was necessitated to publish an anonymous pamphlet, called 'Busca pié,' in which he pretended to prove his great performance to be only a covert satire on the chief grandees of Spain. Before men could be made to appreciate a work, one of the most perfect in its kind, and the most inimitable in its humour of any which can constitute the boast of a nation, it was requisite to lure them to the task, by holding out incentives to the avidity of malice, and the bitterness of spleen.

The consolations of the unfortunate Savage, in attributing the tardy sale of his poems either to their appearance at an unseasonable juncture, or to the inactivity of the printer in their circulation, were not, perhaps, so illusory as his learned biographer imagines: poverty may sometimes obscure the splendor of talent; the elevation of rank and the glitter of opulence not unfrequently annex to merit a lustre unattainable by its intrinsic force.

> But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
> How the wit brightens, how the style refines;
> Before his sacred name flies every fault,
> And each exalted stanza teems with thought.
> POPE.

The foregoing remarks were principally suggested by the recent perusal of a legendary tale, intitled 'Edwin and Eltruda,' published several years ago in England, and written by Helen Maria Williams, a lady of some note in the poetical world. A narrative interwoven with superior skill, the most exquisite delicacy both of thought and expression, and a versification uncommonly harmonious, excited emotions of regret that the ingenious author does not appear to enjoy, with us at least, a degree of celebrity proportioned to her merit. If the reader be an admirer of the Hermit of Goldsmith, he will, perhaps, be grateful for an attempt to recommend to his attention, in the course of a few essays, the most striking beauties of a ballad, more complex and engaging in the narrative, no less mellifluous in the diction, equally tender and more diversified in the sentiment. Without wishing to detract from the just reputation of Goldsmith's poem, I am much inclined to believe that had it not been preceded by the Citizen of the World, or were it not associated with the Traveller and the Deserted Village, it would now only be found in some obscure collection of fugitive pieces. It is true, indeed, that productions of this subordinate nature seem to be mortal, if I may be allowed the expression, in their texture, and contain within themselves an inherent principle of corruption. 'The lucky trifles of genius,' says Johnson in his life of Waller, 'are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration, or blossoms only to be valued as they foretel fruit.' From them the poet reaps but a deciduous laurel, and gathers a wreath destined to wither with the brow which it incircles. They may be assimilated to the light edifices that are susceptible of all the graces of neatness, of all the decorations of fancy, and the refinements of taste, but are constructed more for the purposes of temporary pleasure than lasting utility. The epic or the drama, to those lofty piles of gothic architecture, which, in the design, require the most comprehensive amplitude of thought, and the ultimate extent of vigorous invention: in their execution, the toilsome assiduities of labour, and the gradual improvements of time; which exact materials such as may qualify them to swell the mind with mingled emotions of the sublime and the beautiful, to awe by their grandeur, and astonish by their magnificence, to brave the fury of tempests and the dilapidation of ages.

> Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

Before we enter upon our particular object, it may be proper to make some preliminary remarks on the nature and present state of the ballad or legendary tale. Addison has intimated in one of his critical papers, and I have seen the same idea frequently inculcated, that our ancient ballads, under the veil of an uncouth phraseology, conceal passages eminently poetical, and warm with the genuine glow of passion. The student must have found himself egregiously deceived, who, upon the strength of such authority, has searched our legendary lore, animated by a hope of extracting the diamond from its incrustation. Instead of an enamelled path, you explore a barren waste, and tread an ungrateful soil, with nothing either to interest curiosity, to gratify the taste, or recreate the imagination; the solitary flower that may sometimes be culled is chiefly valuable, because it is rare.

> Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
> Carduus et spinis surgat paliurus acutis;
> Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avena.

I could wish no more satisfactory exemplification of the correctness of this opinion, than 'Chevy Chase,' selected by Addison as most worthy of commendatory criticism. Those 'wonderfully beautiful strokes, that eloquent language of nature,' and the 'majestic simplicity' on which he dwells with such encomiastic fervour, and lavishes so much classical erudition, if they do exist, must be reserved for souls particularly congenial, or uncommonly perspicacious.

A similar penury of merit seems to obtain among the modern imitations of the historical ballad, few of which deserve a specific enumeration. The first, in general estimation, is the Hermit of Goldsmith, cursorily mentioned above. Were it not almost heteredox in taste to animadvert on any thing from his pen, I might be induced to remark that it is rather too barren of occurrence, and seems to want that systematic tenor of plan, which serves to awaken curiosity, and enchain attention. But to counterbalance this deficiency, he has exercised those inimitable powers that blunt the acumen of criticism, and preclude the interposition of intellect by exciting, and in a manner monopolizing, the most delightful feelings of our nature; his language is irresistibly operative, his images are those 'which find a mirror in every mind,' his sentiments those 'to which every bosom returns an echo.' Langhorne's 'Owen of Carron,' more intricate in the fable, and enriched by a greater combination of incident, labours under an analogous desideratum, that of a plan regularly concatenated, and a catastrophe linked with and

consequent to the main design. The integrity of action, prescribed by Aristotle for the epic and the drama, is almost universally applicable; the action of every poem should be continuous, and a writer carefully avoid any abruption in the chain that ought to unite the exordium with the consummation. The 'Owen of Carron,' however, is recommended by the same superior melody of numbers, the same nervous and captivating simplicity, the 'curiosa felicitas,' which characterise the 'Fables of Flora;' Langhorne touches a chord that momentarily vibrates in unison with the heart, and if he resembles Goldsmith in his defects, he has drawn his beauties from the same source, from the liberal infusions of nature, not the factitious accumulation of study or art. Dr. Percy's Hermit of Warkworth and other legendary tales, are elaborate indeed, but tedious and jejune. Where our end is to kindle sensibility, on no subject can it be effectuated by the mere 'studium sine divite venâ,' by a mere imitation of passion, or the substitution of artificial embellishment for native warmth.

The quatrain, or alternate verse of six and eight syllables, is eminently calculated to convey that delicate simplicity, which forms a leading and essential feature in this branch of poetry, and distinguishes the ballads of Bruce, Logan, Cawthorn, and others, who have cultivated it with success. In the Lyceum of La Harpé, a late French critic, it is accurately observed, that simplicity of diction is incompatible with refinement of thought 'La simplicité du tons n'exclut point la finesse du sens.' There is a simplicity, both of phrase and conception, that should enter into the constitution of minor poems, a simplicity alike remote from the elevation of the sublime, and the grossness of vulgarity, from which the poet cannot deviate without a simultaneous deviation from the spirit and perfection of his subject. The 'mens divinior' and the 'verbum ardens' belong not to him, but are attributes of the epic, the dramatic, or the lyric poet. It is their province to tread 'with the long majestic march,' to exalt 'with the full resounding line,' and display all the pomp of poetical grandiloquence: to make Jupiter shake his ambrosial curls, and agitate Olympus with his nod; to depict the Messiah, irradiated by the effulgence of the godhead, hurling destruction on the rebel host of spirits: they alone may yield to that sacred transport, which is supposed to pervade and animate the breast of the bard,

Impetus ille sacer qui vatum pectora nutrit.

or indulge in the ardent enthusiasm, the abrupt and impetuous transition, the 'raptur'd thought and vision wild' of the Norse ode,

Tam furor humanus nostro de pectore sensus expulit.

those bold anomalies of the Runic Muse, that disdain the trammels of rule, and the sober duties of methodical deduction.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

The ensuing remarks on British Ladies, in 'high life,' are from the pen of the Younger Lyttleton. There is a grossièrté in some of the ideas, which serves to mark the libertinism of their author. On the whole, however, the picture is valuable. Michael Angelo stabbed a man that he might transplant his agony and distortion into the face of his CHRIST on the cross. Lyttleton could paint with equal exactness, without the trouble of a *special* experiment.

"I plead guilty to a very trifling part of the charge which you bring against me; but I peremptorily deny that the accusing lady is a woman of virtue. Do you believe that every wife, who does not advance into the guilt of adultery, is a virtuous character? Is it your opinion, that every unmarried lady, who does not keep a handsome footman, or make an occasional retreat into the country, to drink asses milk for a dropsy, has a right to boast of chastity? Alas! sir, I know many of these, and hear daily of more, who, though they have not been guilty of what is pre-eminently called a criminal deviation from the nuptial vow or virgin honour, possess more unchaste minds, than many of those forlorn wretches, who gain their daily bread by the miserable trade of nocturnal prostitution.

Your artful, angry, or disappointed relation.... for I have not yet decided which of these epithets is most applicable to her present situation, makes out a strange and horrid story from the ordinary occurrence of an accidental half hour's *tete a tete*. I found her, *par hazard*, alone, and in those spirits which seemed to ask for that kind of libertine *badinage*, which, in her more sober humour, would not have been exerted. The idle raillery was parried by her with much skill and coquetry: she neither retired into another room, nor rung for a servant to shew me the door, or even discovered a gleam of disapprobation by a moment's gravity. On the contrary, she pressed my longer stay, and, at my departure, reproached me for the infrequency of my visits. But, stung with the mortification that her upbraidings were thrown away, (excuse, I beseech you, the necessary vanity of my justification), she has thought proper to cry aloud against me, to revenge what she might consider as a neglect, or, perhaps, to make the world believe that she was still capable of inspiring such a violence of passion, which, in her history, so irresistibly impelled me to make an adventurous attack upon her virtue. It really concerns me, that you should be at once the engine of her malicious rage, and the dupe of your own amiable credulity. Her threats, though they were to take her own shape, would not alarm me; but she knows too much of the wicked world to put them in execution:....believe me, my friend, she will not give her many enemies such advantage over her.

I shall plead guilty, in a more general manner, to another charge which our accusing spirit has brought against me, that I have an ill opinion of our cotemporary women in high life. The corruption of these present times is in no degree so strongly marked as by the modern profligacy of female manners. Examine the catalogue of those ladies, whose rank, beauty, accomplishments, or fortune, give them an influence in the great world, and then tell me what you think of the present state of superior female character. Is their rank employed to give an example to the inferior orders? Is their beauty exerted in the various services of virtue? Are their accomplishments exercised in confirming and prolonging the duration of virtuous affection? And is their fortune taxed with relief to poverty, encouragement to arts, or protection to science, otherwise than in subservience to the caprices of fashion? Is a simplicity of character visible in female youth after fourteen years of age? And does not the reign of coquetry commence before, and oftentimes *long* before, that period? Trace the course of fashionable education from the cradle to the altar; examine, with attention, the efforts and views of maternal tenderness in the circle of your own society; and tell me where is that perfection of female character,....for it might every where exist,....which can awe the most dissolute into respect and admiration. You must very well know, that the passion of the most impassioned is very rarely indeed so irresistible as to inflame with the design of carrying the fortress of chastity by a *coup de main;* and when such attempts are made, it is some visible breach in the outworks which encourages to that fierce mode of conquest. *A chaste, virtuous woman is an awful character;* something supernatural seems to surround and shroud her from the profane approaches of Seduction. Innocence may be seduced, and Ignorance may be deceived; but Chastity, founded on the basis of PURE VIRTUE, holds forth to the eye of the most artful, as well as the most rampant Lust, the repulsive evidence of impregnable security.

You must well remember where we dined together not many weeks ago; nor can it have been possible for you to forget the friendly apprehensions which our hostess expressed, lest the House of Commons should detain Mr....., as she was sure Lady ..... would not be in tolerable humour, if she was not of the party. At length, however, they both came, were carefully placed together at table, and seemed in perfect contentment. Now, all this pretty business was managed in chaste society, and in a virtuous house; nevertheless, it appeared to me, that the mistress of it, even in the presence of her daughters, did little less than promote the progress of adultery. This, you see, is so common an arrangement, that Mrs....., who holds herself forth as a woman of renowned discretion, considered it as a matter of course. I wonder much that you will suffer such rare virtue, as dwells in that most amiable woman, whom you possess, to risk the taint of such societies.

I would forgive the artifice of dress, and the little hypocrisies of personal decoration; they originate from a desire to please, and can never produce any fatality of deception: but wearing a mask upon the mind, and the giving a fallacious appearance to character, is a forgery that becomes oftentimes more fatal to happiness and honour, than a crime of the same title which never finds mercy. How many women are there now flaunting about our world, who have made use of the falsest pretences to obtain a settlement and a husband; and, when they have succeeded, not only throw aside the painted veil, which covered them, but laugh at the poor, hapless dupe, who reproaches their duplicity!

They daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces:

and while some of them condescend to appear charming, both in mind and person, to all the world, poor *Benedick*, who possesses the envied privilege of going behind the curtain, alone sees the decomposition of that beauty and virtue, which leaves not a look or a wish to please behind them.

That excellent woman, whom you have the supreme happiness to call your own, is, as I have been told, the only one of her sex who deigns to say a word in my favour. The reason, my dear sir, is evident; she is the only one, I know, who possesses a sufficient share of real, *intrinsic virtue* to keep me, in her presence, in the most patient and satisfactory decorum. Those charms, which, *while they allure, correct*, and, while they delight, *improve*, are of *rare growth;* and it becomes the interest of a corrupt world to employ its contagion to their destruction. This is a language which you might not expect from such an incorrigible sinner as I am; but, believe me, is that of all the tribe, when reason resumes her lucid interval: and if the women of coquetry, vanity and intrigue, knew how much their most devoted, *admired* and *familiar favourites*, at times, *despise* and speak of them, they would have recourse to the *sincerity*

of virtue, to obtain honest praise, real admiration, and solid pleasure.

It will afford me no small satisfaction to hear that I have laid your spirit of censure, and that, on this subject at least, it will haunt me no more: for though public severity hardens me more and more against public opinion, I should ever wish to justify myself to you, when I possess any means of justification.....You will do me the favour to present my very sincere respects to Mrs....., and receive the affectionate regard of

Your faithful, &c."

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FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

The following letter from this venerable, enlightened and liberal patron of the ARTS, to Sir John Anderson, is so honourable to the feelings of the writer, and exhibits such a just and modest statement of the advantages which this nation has derived from his exertions in commerce, as well as taste, that it is well intitled to the notice of the public, who will, of course, take a strong interest in the success of a plan necessary to enable him to close his meritorious life in ease and tranquillity.

[COPY.]

Cheapside, Feb. 4, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

The kindness with which you have undertaken to represent my case, calls upon me to lay open to you, with the utmost candor, the circumstances attending it, which I will now endeavour to do as briefly as possible.

It is above sixty years since I began to study the art of Engraving; in the course of which time, besides employing that long period of life in my profession, with an industry and assiduity that would be improper in me to describe, I have laid out with my brethren, in promoting the commerce of the fine arts in this country, above three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

When I first began business, the whole commerce of prints, in this country, consisted in importing foreign prints, principally from France, to supply the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom. Impressed with the idea, that the genius of our own countrymen, if properly encouraged, was equal to that of foreigners, I set about establishing a School of Engraving, in England, with what success the public are well acquainted. It is, perhaps, sufficient at present to say, that the whole course of that commerce is changed, very few prints being now imported into this country, while the foreign market is principally supplied with prints from England.

In effecting this favourite plan, I have not only spent a long life, but have employed near forty years of the labours of my nephew, Josiah Boydell, who has been bred to the business, and whose assistance, during that period, has been greatly instrumental in promoting a school of Engraving in this country. By the blessing of Providence these exertions have been very successful, not only in that respect, but in a commercial point of view, for the large sums I regularly received from the continent, previous to the French revolution, for impressions taken from the numerous plates engraved in England, encouraged me to attempt also an English school of Historical Painting.

I had observed, with indignation, that the want of such a school had been long made a favourite topic of opprobrium against this country, among foreign writers, on the subject of national taste.

No subject could, therefore, be more appropriate for such a national attempt, than England's inspired poet and great painter of nature, SHAKSPEARE; and I flatter myself the most prejudiced foreigner must allow, that the Shakspeare Gallery will convince the world, that Englishmen want nothing but the fostering hand of encouragement to bring forth their genius in this line of art. I might go further, and defy any of the Italian, Flemish, or French Schools, to shew such an exertion as the Shakspeare Gallery, every artist, partaking of the freedom of his country, and endowed with that originality of thinking, so peculiar to its natives, has chosen his own road to what he conceived to be excellence, unshackled by the slavish imitation and uniformity that pervade all the foreign schools.

This Gallery I once flattered myself with being able to have left to that generous public, who have, for so long a period, encouraged my undertakings; but unfortunately for those connected with the Fine Arts, a Vandalick revolution has arisen, which, in convulsing all Europe, has entirely extinguished, except in this happy Island, all those who had the taste, or the power to promote these Arts; while the tyrant, who at present governs France, tells that believing and besotted nation, that, in the midst of all his robbery and rapine, he is a great patron and promoter of the Fine Arts, just as if those arts, that polish and humanize mankind, could be promoted by such means, and by such a man!

You will excuse, my dear sir, I am sure, some warmth in an old man, on this subject, when I inform you that this unhappy revolution has cut up by the roots that revenue from the continent which enabled me to undertake such considerable works in this country. At the same time, as I am laying my case fairly before you, it should not be disguised, that my natural enthusiasm for promoting the Fine Arts, (perhaps buoyed up with success), made me improvident. For had I laid by but 10*l.* out of every 100*l.* my plates produced, I should not now have had occasion to trouble my friends, or appeal to the public. But, on the contrary, I flew with impatience to employ some new artist with the whole gains of my former undertakings. I see too late my error, for I have thereby decreased my ready money, and increased my stock of copperplates to such a size that all the print-sellers in Europe could not purchase it, especially at these times, so unfavourable to the Fine Arts.

Having thus candidly owned my error, I have but one word to say in extenuation. My receipts from abroad had been so large, and continued so regular, that I, at all times, found them fully adequate to support my undertakings at home. I could not calculate on the present crisis, which has totally annihilated them. I certainly calculated on some defalcation of these receipts by a French or Spanish war, or both. But with France or Spain I carried on but little commerce. Flanders, Holland, and Germany, who no doubt supplied the rest of Europe, were the great marts. But, alas! they are now no more. The convulsion that has disjointed and ruined the whole continent I did not foresee. I know no man that did. On that head, therefore, though it has nearly ruined me and mine, I can take but little blame to myself.

In this state of things I throw myself with confidence upon that public, who have always been but too partial to my endeavours, for the disposal of that which, in happier days, I flattered myself to have presented to them. I know of no means by which that can be effected just now, but by a Lottery, and if the Legislature will have the goodness to grant a permission for that purpose, they will at least have the assurance of the even tenor of a long life, that it will be fairly and honourably conducted.

The objects of it are my Pictures, Galleries, Drawings, &c. which, unconnected with my copper-plates and trade, are much more than sufficient to pay, if properly disposed of, all I owe in the world.

I hope you, my dear sir, and every honest man, at any age, will feel for my anxiety to discharge my debts, but, at my advanced age of eighty-five, I feel it become doubly desirable.

I am, dear sir, with great regard,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

(Signed) JOHN BOYDELL.

SIR J. W. ANDERSON, Bart.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF

ROBERT BURNS.

On Saturday the 28th ult. a select party of the friends and admirers of our native bard met at the cottage in which he was born to celebrate his birth-day. Immediately after dinner, an ode, composed for the occasion, was read to the company.

The memory of the bard, the patroness of the feast, the laureat of the day, and similar toasts, afforded to the Preses an opportunity of communicating to the meeting a manuscript, which he stated from respectable authority, to be the production of one of the sons of our lamented poet. The Preses sung it to an appropriate air, and we give it to our readers for their perusal.

Hae ye seen in the fresh dewy morning
The wild warbling red-breast sae clear?
Or the low dwelling snaw-breasted gowan,
Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?

O then ye hae seen my ain lassie,
The lassie I lo'e best of a';
But, O! frae the hame of my lassie,
I'm mony a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wings of the black-bird,
Her eye is the eye of the dove,
Her lips are the mild-blushing rose-bud,
Her bosom's the palace of love.

Alas! when I sit down to study,
I now can do naething at a';
My book, I indeed keep my eyes on,
My thoughts are wi' her that's awa.

O Love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,
The sweetest we mortals here know;
Ah! soon is thy heaven bright gleaming
O'ercast with the dark cloud of wo'.

Thus the moon, on the oft changing ocean,
Delights the worn sailor's glad eye,
When red rush the storms of the desert,
And the wild waves dark tumble on high.

Mr. Alderman Shaw of London, an Ayrshire gentleman, some time after the death of our admired poet, patronised a subscription for the behoof of his widow and children. The sum so raised was vested in the three per cent. reduced annuities, and amounted to 500*l.* of that stock. As the parish of Ayr had given birth to the bard, the alderman wished that the provost and bailies of Ayr should take the management of this fund for their behoof, which they cheerfully accepted. One day last week, the alderman, while in company with Sir Francis Baring, the conversation turned on Mr. Burns, and the circumstances of his family, and being told that he had promoted a subscription for their relief, the worthy Baronet, who is a warm admirer of our poet, begged that he also might have the honour of being a contributor, and immediately put into his hands 100*l.* sterling, which was also brought into the same stock, and the receipt sent to the magistrates, and with the 100*l.* makes 676*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.* 3 per cents, standing in the name of the provost and baillies of the town of Ayr, for the

benefit of the widow and children of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. We have additional pleasure in staing that Mr. Addington had assumed the patronage of Mr. Burns's eldest son Robert, and will soon place him in one of the public offices under government, where the road to honour and celebrity will lie fair before him.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Continued.

Our object at Bex was, as I before informed you, to see the only salt-works in Swisserland, and which we had been advised to visit as an object worthy our attention. Early this morning, therefore, we set off in a *char-a-bane*, furnished by our landlord, and after a ride of about a league, arrived at the foot of the mountains where the salines are. When we had ascended as far as the house of the man who superintends the mines, he made us tie a handkerchief round our heads, and put on a coarse dark wrapper with a hood, which completely covered us. Thus equipped, like two capuchin friars, with each a lamp in his hand, we sallied forth to enter the subterraneous passages, which were cut horizontally in the rock, with great regularity, but were so narrow, that we could only walk one after the other. In this manner we traversed an extent of galleries of near a quarter of a league, which brought us to the great wheel, distant three thousand French feet from the place where we entered at, and we were told the miners had got 1600 feet farther.

These excavations have been carried on with a view to discover, if possible, the mass of rock salt which is supposed by some to exist, and which gives the saline impregnation to the waters which issue from the mountains; but from some late geological discoveries, it is highly probable no such mass will ever be found, and the formation of the salt springs are very ingeniously and naturally accounted for by the nature of the earths through which the waters filtrate, and which, under certain circumstances, may, by chemical combinations, be adequate to their production. An opinion, similar to this, was also entertained by the celebrated Haller, who was manager here for some time. The works carried on under the error, were, however, very great, and we passed several lateral galleries, which led into the mountain, but without producing the desired discovery; one of these, we were told, descends at least eight hundred feet, and we found it so beautifully and regularly formed, that we followed the flight of steps, cut out of the solid rock, for some distance, and were recompensed by some very pretty spars, which we detached from the rocks.

Our guide told us that the galleries were so numerous, that it would require a whole day to visit them all; he, therefore, only shewed us the principal ones. He made us descend one of them about fifty steps, to observe a very large reservoir, intended to receive the water when the wheels, which raise it to the surface, were out of order. It was in the shape of a triangle, whose greatest length was one hundred feet, and breadth eighty. The depth was nine feet.

Our guide took us by surprise, and almost stunned us by shutting with violence the door which opened to this place. The noise was like the loudest thunder, and was re-echoed by the walls of the reservoir and galleries, thro' which it rolled majestically for many seconds.

At the distance of three thousand feet from the entrance, we came to a large apartment in which is the greatest curiosity of the place. This is an immense wheel, thirty-seven feet in diameter, put in motion by the smallest power of water I ever saw, and which performs all operations of pumping up the salt water into the reservoir. Immediately over the wheel is a shaft, which, at the height of four hundred feet, opens on the top of the mountain; and we were delighted with the appearance of day-light through the aperture, which from these dark recesses had double beauty.

On issuing from the mine, we descended the mountain to the building, where the brine conveyed there, under ground, by upwards of two thousand pipes, was evaporated by heat, and the salt, collected in the large shallow iron pans, was put into a ware-house for use. The quantity of salt obtained in this manner is about three per cent. of the weight of water.

Near this is another building, called the Graduating House, which is pointed out to strangers as on object of attention. It is simply an open frame building, but with a roof, it is full of thorn bushes piled one upon another, through which the waters which are but weakly impregnated are made to filtrate; thereby exposing nearly every particle to the action of the air; by which means it undergoes a considerable evaporation after it has passed several times through these bushes, and yields, on being boiled, twenty-four per cent. The pumps which elevate the water to the height required in this building, which is about sixty feet, are worked by a large wheel of thirty-three feet diameter, which is preserved from the weather in a covered building of its own form.

The quantity of salt supplied by these works is however not sufficient for one-third of the consumption of the Swiss cantons, and since they are no longer under the management of Berne, less care and attention have been bestowed to make them productive. Formerly one hundred men were constantly employed in blowing the rock in search of salt, as well as more springs; at present there are only *six* at work, who relieve each other night and day. The salt sells at the works at as high as six and eight sols per pound, which is almost four dollars per bushel.

We returned to our inn about noon, and on the road were gratified by the sight of some very high mountains, which the clouds and fogs of the morning had hitherto concealed from our view. Amongst these was the Dent du Midi, which presents a very singular shape, having for its summit a rock in the form of a tooth, which gives name to the mountain. There are several others in this neigbourhood present similar appearances, and are called also Dents.

When we left Lausanne, it was partly with an intention, if the weather favored us, of attempting to penetrate into the valley of Chamouni, so celebrated by travellers for the sublime beauties it contains. Much to our mortification and dissatisfaction, clouds and fogs continually obscured the day, and so discouraged us that we resolved to give up all idea of it. As there was however the most celebrated cascade in Swisserland a few leagues distant, in the Vallais, we determined to devote the afternoon to see it, and have accordingly ordered an early dinner to allow us time for that purpose.

Martigny, at night.

About two o'clock we left Bex. A few miles brought us to the famous bridge of St. Maurice, which formerly divided Savoy from Swisserland, but which now separates the Helvetian from the French republic. It is a noble bridge, whose single arch bestrides the Rhone, and is admired by connoisseurs for its boldness and simplicity; it is supposed to have been built by the Romans, as the place was a Roman station. A gateway connects the bridge with the rock on the side of the Rhone, and the village of St. Maurice fills up the space between the mountains and the other side, rendering this a pass of great strength, and easy to be defended.

The moment we entered the Vallais, we perceived a manifest difference between the Vallaisans and the people we had just left, whose neatness formed a striking contrast with the dirt of the former. Their personal difference is also extremely remarkable, for never in my life did I behold an uglier race of beings. The Vallaisans are small and deformed, rarely having both eyes alike, and almost universally goitres or cretins. You know, I believe, that a goitre is the name of a tumour which rises on the throat sometimes to a great size, and that a cretin is a natural idiot. I saw one of these goitres nearly as large as my head, and so weighty that it was supported by a handkerchief which passed under it, and was tied at the back of the neck. The ordinary size is that of a large apple. Some are born with them; others never have them.

But the greatest misfortune of these poor people is, that numbers are born or become *cretins*.., who have not a single idea, can neither speak, nor can be made to comprehend the least thing. They are unfortunately very common, and are mostly goitres. They are short and have a big head. I saw one who was very merry, and laughed incessantly; he was employed by his mother to rock the cradle of an infant, and could articulate one or two words as well as comprehend signs; he seemed fond of money, and eagerly took what we offered him.

The cause which produces goitres and cretins is hitherto undiscovered, though many conjectures have been made respecting it. It is presumed they are both produced by the same, as they are almost invariably connected in some way or other. I have however seen goitres in many parts of Swisserland, but never had the misfortune to find a cretin till I entered the Vallais.

Not far from St. Maurice we came to the cascade, which bursts from a cleft in a lofty precipice, and shoots out into the valley in a grand style. It possesses all the beautiful accidents of a waterfall, and forms many small ones as it strikes the projections of the rock. This elegant cascade is universally admired as one of the finest in Swisserland.

As the day declined, the sky cleared up, and the Vallais presented some charming wild scenery. The faint prospect of a few fine days so won upon me, that I proposed to my companion to undertake the tour to Chamouni, which was not many leagues distant. He however declined it, alledging the uncertainty of the pleasure expected from it, and the lateness of the season. My mind was however so bent upon it, that rather than lose so favourable an opportunity of seeing the greatest wonder of the Alps, I resolved to visit them alone, and appointed Geneva for our place of rendezvous...He returned in the carriage to Bex, and I, poor solitary I, with only the cloaths I had on my back, and a few *louis* in my pocket, set out on foot for this place, which was about a league and a half from where we separated. At any other time and with less temptations I should have revolted at the idea of travelling alone, and with the same linen on my back for a week together, but the grand ideas of Mont Blanc, and the glaciers of Savoy, were sufficient to induce me to submit to any hardships.

I was not long walking to this village, which is a place of little consequence, except as a thorough fare to the Great Saint Bernard and the Upper Vallais. Near it a Roman camp is supposed to have been stationed, but no traces of it now remain. The weekly market is the great resort of the neighbouring peasants, who bring their small manufactures, their cheese and honey.

With this delicious honey, and some other little trifles, I have just made an exquisite supper, and must now bid you good night.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DUELLING.

.....Atque ita porro,
Pugnabant armis.
HOR. LIB. 1. SAT. 3. V. 101.

This fashionable and equally dreadful mode of adjusting differences by summoning to the tribunal of death, the unfortunate victims to the ungoverned fury of licentious bravos, has of late received such sanction from the boasted heroism of the younger part of the community, that unless some step is adopted whereby its accelerating progress may be effectually arrested, either by universal protestation against the practice, or by the interposition of legislative and executive authority—it is to be apprehended that the consequences alone will be admitted as an argument to prove the barbarity of such appeals. I am well aware that those insolent braggadocios who derive such exquisite pleasure in converting to cowardice every argument which a moralist might use to shew the absurdity of such doctrine, may ascribe these remarks to the effects of fear disguised under the mask of conscience: And on that account I am prepared to receive with patience and due submission to syllogistical or logical reasoning, every construction which they, in their enthusiastic notions of honor, may deem proper to pass on this short essay. That this method of redress is not indicative of bravery or honor, is exemplified in the persons and general characters of those who make a profession of it. A man conscious of the injustice of an aspersion, is ready as well as able to vindicate his character, not by appealing to the *pistol*, as if Providence would intercede, to direct the contents to the heart of the transgressor, but by the more consolatory mode of proving him to be a malicious calumniator. There are indeed some cases wherein invitations of this nature are indispensable and unavoidable; for every man claims as a natural and unalienable right the protection of his character and honor. But would not a suitable apology be thought more compatible with the true principles of honor, than to place your life in jeopardy on account of your own misfeasance? Does honor consist in dogmatically supporting a bad cause, and asserting, at the risk of life, rights where you have no just claim? Let every one answer that question himself. The true criterion, and only prominent feature of this attribute of a gentleman, is to fear nothing but the commission of an unworthy act. An apology in the nature of a representation, would satisfy the most abdurate heart, if made at a proper moment.

"Ira furor brevis est,"

And undoubtedly a mind of the nicest delicacy could not feel repugnant in so doing...as a confession of error or mistake is not incongruous with the dignity of a *man*, but tends to perpetuate that friendship and reciprocity of esteem which would have been dissolved by an implicit obedience to an obstinate temper.

Having thus shewn how a mortal appeal may be evaded where the cause of a dissention was such as would justify a severe retort, I will now suggest my ideas on cases where offence is only conceived from ambiguous words, misconstruction of the intention, and then take a superficial view of the satisfaction gained thereby. Experience affords more instances where offence is taken, than where it is intended to be given: as where expressions inoffensive and innocent, "in se," though involved in abstruse phrases or complicated puns, undergo a fermentation in the mind of a captious or contentious person, and are transmuted into the most opprobrious insults. Whenever this happens to be the case, an explanation is demanded in a tone so peremptory, that even the mildest disposition must conceive a replication equally angry, the only alternative in such a predicament. Thus their animosity encreases, and thus their answers betray the most evident tokens of accumulated spleen; each, tenacious of his honour, re-acts upon his opponent with redoubled energy, until a reciprocal attempt on the other's life, can alone effect a mutual acquiescence. Is every spark of reason and philanthropy quenched in the general deluge of your senses? Must the voice of nature vainly resound in your ears and plead for the suspension of your rash design? Does the precognition of the future disconsolate state of your relations, should you be hurried to an immature grave, make no impression on you? Has life no endearments, are there no connubial, parental, filial or social duties, to be yet discharged? Or, have you already imbibed the infernal atheistical doctrine of "Post mortem nihil," that the helpless situation of your soul, when arraigned to appear before its Creator, should merit no consideration? These are points of great moment, but alas! when the mind is thus actuated by inordinate passion, and blinded by the alluring dictates of *false* honor, nature may vainly plead the cause of prostrate humanity. For the better elucidation of this scene, let it be granted that your adversary has been wholly in fault, and as such has merited and received the reward of his indiscretion—Is there no compunction of conscience to haunt your mind, and render your life miserable, or does the recollection of being the instrument of another's dissolution prove a source of gratification? Perhaps you wish to diffuse terror, by acquiring the reputation of a duellist, and secure respect by exacting it. But be assured, that with whatever hopes, parasites and poltroons may glut you, the respect of an *honest* man is only obtained by deserving it. And in order to shew how weak and chimerical is the expectation of intimidating a man of upright conduct, I remember no exemplification so pertinent and comprehensive as that inimitable ode in which he is represented as an unconcerned spectator amidst "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra; &c.
HORACE.

The event of these references is likewise always precarious and often fatal. Still, in the paroxism of rage, there is invariably an innate and occult goad perpetually stimulating the parties, which precludes the necessity of considering the justice of their respective causes. There is an equal chance that the person demanding amends may meet the fate he intended for his antagonist. And is it an enviable or satisfactory reparation to have your brains blown out, or your bones dislocated and broken, because your peace of mind has been disturbed? If the offence is too heinous to be overlooked, why not seek redress at a court of justice? Or in case that should be esteemed a mean appeal, let the aggressor feel the effect of the injury, communicated by the united strength of a few friends in case of personal disability, through the medium of a horse whip, proportionally thereto applied to his back. This would work a reformation in him more effectually, and afford far more satisfaction, than participating in the consequences of his impetuosity.

The character of a duellist is a recommendation to no one. I never observed any additional respect paid to this exhibition of courage; but on the contrary, if more than usual politeness has been observed towards a practitioner in the art, it was merely to pacify and preserve unruffled his temper, with the same view that a madman or lunatic is flattered and caressed, to prevent mischief. If the taste is so vitiated that the sight of human blood can alone promote satisfaction or satiate the cravings of a depraved and sensual appetite, let the valour, which would prostitute the intent of nature by such acts of rashness, be displayed with credit, in repelling from our coasts the subverters of our laws and the enemies of our country.

CLITOPHON.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

[The subsequent sermon was originally written in the *country, at a season, when the author had resolved to forsake his retirement, and mingle with men. A republication now is necessary to the integrity of the series. It is, moreover, the *herald* of future essays.]

"Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?"

I believe I have never informed my readers that I am of Scottish descent, and that I am not a little vain of Caledonian ancestry. Unluckily, however, from the slenderness of my figure, the weakness of my brain, and infrequency of my application, I fear I resemble the North Briton, only by birth. Degenerate as I am, my ancestors have either usefully cultivated

"The green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay,',

or have valiantly repelled the incursions of the bloody borderer. I sigh, when I reflect how languidly their blood rolls in my veins. Happy could I rival their deeds, as easily as trace my pedigree, and prove myself a genuine Scot, by being valiant, like Douglas, and learned like Buchanan.

Of one species of Highland lore I fairly inherit a small portion. I allude to the gift of SECOND SIGHT. I am sometimes favoured with a partial glimpse of futurity, and through the mists and fog of present time can see a little beyond. One of my forefathers was a seer, and from the Pisgah of the Hebrides, discerned through clear optics many a fair acre of the land of promise, and many a distant event, half hidden by the veil of obscurity. Of these ærial prospects, many sketches remain among the old family lumber, and I am in possession of sufficient to furnish out a moderate gallery. Not only the pictures have been preserved, but the power of delineating them is not lost, and though I never gazed through the transparent air of Sky, or was elevated on the rocks of Raasay, I have, in a moderate degree, the prescience of my progenitors.

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* "In deep solitude," the excursive mind will often wander to "tower'd cities," and the language of restless man is sometimes that of Shakspeare's Duke to the Friar:

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd *the life remov'd*,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where YOUTH, and COST, and witless BRAVERY keeps.

Yet, perhaps, it is oftener like that of vagrant Valentine:

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home keeping youth have ever *homely wits*.

To this hereditary skill, must be added my proficiency in the occult sciences. Though no conjuror, and wretchedly inexpert in the casting of figures; though, ever since I left college, I have desisted from raising the Devil, and have not the honour of an acquaintance with the old lady of Endor; yet I know all the innocent processes of astrology, possess a wand to excite *good* spirits, have a curious talisman, the gift of Fancy, and

> "Know many an amulet and charm,
> That will do neither good, nor harm."

My readers would do me the greatest injustice, if they ranked me with

> "Sir Agrippa, for profound
> And solid lying much renown'd;"

or supposed that, like Matilda, or the Wandering Jew, in the "Monk," I am conversant with sable imps, or the sable art. This would ill become the gravity and duties of my character. I utterly disclaim all pretensions to sorcery, and exercise my gift of second sight, and my knowledge of natural causes and events, solely for the benefit of mankind. Neither do I turn over the volumes of my art, or employ my powers of vision for trivial purposes. I should disdain to act like Hudibras, and

> "Examine Venus or the moon,
> Who stole a thimble, or a spoon,
> Or question Mars, and, by his look,
> Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak."

My objects are higher, and of a character more useful; to warn the thoughtless, to rouse the lazy, to discover Merit, and detect Danger.

Although many specimens of my conjectural sagacity have been given, in the course of these sermons, and that certain of my ruder readers have imagined I must have intrigued with the Devil to please my countrymen so long, yet many will be surprised that I have not openly manifested my gifts till now, and that I did not earlier associate the prophet to the priest. As I wish to conduct with the utmost frankness towards my courteous readers, and avoid the very "appearance of evil," and mystery, I will assign the reasons for my conduct, and why I have not given a single parishioner the opportunity of enquiring "Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is?"

From the style and subjects of every sermon, which I have published, it may easily be seen that my study was in the country. My rural situation has been often hinted to my readers; and if I had not told them this truth, my diction would have inevitably betrayed the provincial, and every topic would appear to have been started among groves and mountains. For four years, I have, as it were, surveyed life from a wood. My speculations have been those of a Hermit, who remembers what man was, rather than those of a man of business, or courtier, who holds an actual intercourse with society. In such a situation, where all my adventures, like those of the Vicar of Wakefield, were by the fire side, and all my migrations were from the blue bed to the brown; in a village retirement, among a frank and honest people, of primæval principles and uniform conduct, what necessity was there for inquiries concerning the morrow, when to-morrow would appear only the twin brother of to-day? The sameness and simplicity of sylvan life continue "yesterday, to-day, and forever." In the forest and farmer's cottage, an astrologer and a prophet, are almost as unnecessary as a man milliner, or a master of ceremonies.

As I contemplate a speedy exchange of country for city life, I deemed it expedient to advertise my talent for divination, and even to give some previous specimens of my art, in order to convince those vain men of the world, whom I expect to meet "in every creek and corner" of the capital, that I am not so simple, as my rustic habits and appearance would indicate. During my proposed residence amid the throng of nations, my sharpest second sight, and all my astrological arts, must be "in requisition." There, research into the future will be useful to relieve from the obscurity, perplexity, and entanglement of the present. In the city, if I did not play the magician, I should anticipate sinking into the dupe. The dissimulation, the artifice, the inconsistency, the mystery of man, in a croud, are such, that my prescience will prove not only salutary to myself, but be a plentiful source of useful information to my readers. To this end I am making mighty preparations. I am daily cleaning the glasses of my telescopes,

> "The spectacles, with which the stars
> I read in smallest characters."

I am in treaty for the purchase of a Jacob's staff. I have made a contract for a crocodile and two alligators, to adorn my study, and heighten the world's opinion of my art. I have strained my second sight upon one of our highest mountains, and find no diminution of my Scottish perspicacity; and, next week, after an invocation to the benign powers, and drawing a circle or two, by way of flourish, I will publish my first prediction.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HUNT'S POEMS.

After a lingering delay, the natural effect of the base, ignominious, and *republican* mode of printing books by **subscription* in this curious country, the ingenious Poems of Mr. J. H. L. HUNT have made their appearance. They are very neatly printed, for the author, by Mr. Maxwell; and a second perusal of them corroborates that favourable opinion, which we have more than once expressed. 'The Palace of Pleasure,' the longest poem in the collection, nearly rivals Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' in the happiest imitation of Spenser, in distinctness and boldness of poetic painting, and in the rainbow brightness of the tints of Fancy. We cannot resist the desire to cull from this charming parterre a flowret, which will never fade.

> Certes it is, and Saints have whilom said,
> That worldly Pleasure is but wordly Woe,
> In the hot bosom of the Passions bred,
> Cradled by Tempests that ay rage and blow,
> And taught ne Virtue, ne Advice to know:
> Then comes a sickly Sunshine, deadly warm,
> Shedding a gilded Pestilence below;
> Within its beam fast fades the wasting form,
> Till Night and Cloud succeed, and Turbulence and Storm.
>
> There is, ywashed by the murm'ring main,
> A fairy land, yclept Temptation's Isle,
> So fair, it seem'd as Eden there had lain,
> Such sweet Enchantment o'er the coast doth smile!
> And ah! poor mortal wight it doth beguile
> With waving trees that deck the shores around,
> Which to the sight ne things unclean defile,
> And velvet fields that glitter o'er the ground,
> And purling streams, with groves and tufted verdure crown'd.
>
> And on the air are dulcet chantings heard,
> That trip to sound of soul-delighting lyre;
> Yet ne in all their song one mournful word,
> Ne plaintive strain that musing mote inspire,
> But lively notes which Gaiety yfire,
> Such as that noble harper, Orpheus hight,
> Did sing to brutes, who wondered at the wire,
> And with uncouth rejoicing would delight
> To dance along the woods, in rugged liv'ry dight.
>
> And right aloud the joyous birds did sing,
> With melody confus'd that fill'd the sky:
> The soaring Lark, with tawny-dappled wing,
> And humbler Linnet with his gentle eye,
> And gorgeous Finch, with breast of golden dye;
> Ne fear'd the bright Canary there to dwell,
> Ne chatt'ring Thrush that peeps with glancing sly;
> But ne sad Nightingale mourn'd o'er the dell,
> Ne Owl with flapping wings shricking the notes of Hell.
>
> Eke the bright Sun, as though he had stood still,
> Sheen'd o'er the beauteous land each rolling day;
> And ting'd with gold the top of every hill,
> And in each vale with burnish'd splendor lay;
> So that Dame Nature did for aye look gay:
> For though dark Night ycame with visage stern,
> Yet then would Art his copied flame display,
> And on each tree a hundred lamps yburn,
> Which did new day relume, and gloom to radiance turn.

The Editor, fatigued with much expensive importunity of this kind, distinctly repeats, that every Bookseller, who transmits a request to notice any book, pamphlet, or literary project of any description, must send the amount of the subscription for this paper. As every article of this nature is essentially an ADVERTISEMENT, it is but equitable that our labour be requited, and our EXPENSE reimbursed. It is notoriously a source of EMOLUMENT to publishers to have books announced in the Port Folio, and it is a source of expense and inconvenience to the Editor, which he is resolved to rescind, unless something like Justice and Generosity succeed to selfishness and illiberality.

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*To the mortification of every generous and lofty spirit in America, this is a constant topic of sarcasm among the literati abroad. An eminent bookseller in London, when assured that even a national work was to be printed in this manner, could hardly be persuaded that it was possible. But, however foreign credulity may be staggered by the assertion, it is a fact, that even the smallest volume cannot peep from the Press, unless a *subscription* be both midwife and *dry* nurse on the occasion. The manner in which this subscription tax, or *benevolence* is collected, deserves a particlar description for the edification and amusement of all anti-republicans. A sturdy fellow, with a competent quantity of proposals in his pocket, sets out, in company with Plausibility and Impudence, on this noble and desperate adventure. At every gate he knocks long, and clamours loud. If the ill fated wight, whom he attacks, be occupied, or ill humored, or sick, or sorry, let meaner souls shrink from the encounter, our knight of the subscription figure undauntedly returns to the charge. No smiling excuse or probable suggestion, no artful evasion, or well devised delay, can save from these *lists*. The most reluctant miser, as well as the generous patron, is worried into a compliance with this shameful practice,

> 'Not by the force of carnal reason,
> But *indefatigable teazing*.'

By this precious process, continued through every city, town and hamlet, a sufficient number of names or dollars being gathered together, the bold bookseller forthwith engages in the stupendous, hazardous, and unparalleled adventure of printing and publishing a small edition. This is the uncouth state of literature in America, and to such miserable shifts the genius of republican polity, and the narrowness of republican notions, compel the debased *citizens* of a debased country to submit, as is in course and *in character*.

[Note, by the Editor.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

We again solicit the public attention to this valuable paper, which its ingenious, spirited, well principled and persevering editor conducts with the approbation of every honest man in the country, and with the hatred of all the Jacobins and Atheists. The editor is a gentleman and a scholar. Hence, he can arrange with the precision of a Linnæus, the catalogue of his friends and foes. The first are the men of genius, talents, principle and property. The last are the democrats, the fanatics, the knaves and fools. We ardently hope that he will stedfastly continue to utter honest truth with a *voice potential*, that he will be contemptuously careless of the "distant din" of democracy; and that he will treat the French republican party as * *natural brute beasts*, as an impious, impudent, and savage gang, whom every man of genius and virtue is bound to meet with defiance on his brow, and the horse-whip in his hand.

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THE NEW-ENGLAND REPERTORY.

This elegant paper is, we believe, without a rival, in the beauty of its paper and type. It is very fairly printed, and contains much matter for a very moderate price. It is conducted, we understand, by a gentleman of science; and we have constant evidence of his sense, spirit, and general acquaintance with polite literature. It is the vehicle of numerous political essays, in which we not only recognize the head of ability, but the HEART of SOUNDNESS.

—

THE FREDERICK-TOWN HERALD.

This too is a staunch and animated friend to all that is praiseworthy in politics. This *Herald* announces nothing but the good and the true, with a voice not feeble, not suppliant; not faltering with ignominious terror, nor *languid with contemptible lukewarmness*.

—

THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

This firmly established and widely circulating Gazette, continues, under the able direction of its indefatigable editor, to be highly honorable to himself and salutary to the public. It is agreeably diversified with literary articles, and both from its ample size and smallness of type, presents a very copious fund of political information. It is almost superfluous to inform our readers that the political essays, which are the chief glory of this paper, are written in a spirit of wisdom, good sense snd sagacity, eternally justified by *Experience*, and which we hope will eventually triumph over the pernicious delusions of false THEORY, and the daring deeds of unprincipled POWER.

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From the Public Advertiser, printed in London, September 8, 1801.

The following extraordinary relation has just fallen into our hands:....The Rev. Mr. Hagamore of Catthoge, Leicestershire, died the first of January, 1776, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700l. per annum, and 1000l. in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly and threw him into a pond, where he was found breast high....the servants heard him call for assistance, but being locked up; could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 58 dogs, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs and used none, 50 saddles and furniture for the menage, 30 wheel-barrows, so many walking sticks that a toyman in Leicester fields bid his executors 8 pounds for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pick axes, 200 spades and shovels, 75 ladders, and 249 razors.

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RETIREMENT.....BY DR. BEATTIE.

When in the crimson cloud of Even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd his tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale!
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy fav'rite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing!

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!....
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scared owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone wave sails away
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodlark pours
Its wildly-warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread,
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

—

DERMODY'S POEMS.

The author of this volume is now beyond the reach either of praise or censure. He died in the year 1802, at an early age, after having passed through a life of more than ordinary vicissitude, and added another name to the melancholy list of those who have shewn that Genius is not always a blessing to the possessor. His talents were of a superior order, but they were not always exerted in a situation to display them advantageously. Many of his pieces were written on the spur of necessity, and bear evident marks of haste, negligence, and lassitude. The present volume, however, does not come under this description: it contains some of his most finished productions. Dermody formed his style on our early poets, and it has many of the excellencies of his masters. His descriptions are lively and interesting, his language and his imagery are poetical and rich, his ideas and combinations of them are frequently original and striking, and his versification has often much sweetness, and spirit. [*Lon. Mag.*

—

THE TEST.

Young Philo let a snowy ball,
One chilly winter's day,
Into his Nancy's tucker fall,
Which on her bosom lay.
He soon disclos'd the playful jest,
And told her 'twas his heart,
Which he had thrown upon her breast
His passion to impart.
Her modest cheek a blush confest!
She says, "'tis no decoy;
"Dear Sir, it found a warmer nest,
"And MELTED with the joy."

—

A Tar, in the neighbourhood of Wapping, who has lately opened a tobacconist's shop, has the following notice upon a board in the window:

Full many a gale I weather'd out,
Before this port I made;
And having worn my canvas out,
My anchor here I've laid.
No winds for favour I invoke,
To spare or fill my sail;
But only beg my friends would smoke,
And blow a pleasant gale. [*Lon. paper.*

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* See St. Peter, in whose energetic epistle the reader will find a complete description of the *new sect*. Bishop Horseley, whom we read with the highest admiration, says with equal poignancy and truth, that the Devil was the first *democratic* rascal on record, who attempted to vex the world, by crudeness of theory, and infamy of practice, with the *Rights of Hell*, and the *Universal Suffrage* of apostate imps.

One of the best Reviews in England thus appreciates the value of the new edition of Goldsmith's works.

"Replete with entertaining, if not recondite powers of the mind, and long demanded by the public, we have at length, for the first time, received, in four volumes octavo, 'The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. to which is prefixed some account of his life and writings.' This biography appears to be correct, and is unquestionably amusing. The account of the poet's earlier years is avowedly furnished by his eldest sister, and may therefore be implicitly depended upon. We have also several papers introduced, which have either not appeared before the public, or have not hitherto been appropriated, but which, undoubtedly, bear strong internal testimony of being the production of this elegant but eccentric writer."

In addition to the above article, the Editor wishes to state, that, upon his recommendation, a beautiful edition of this fascinating author will be published here in four *pocket* volumes, which, it is hoped, if habitually perused, will banish those barbarisms, which infect the American style, and teach men to express themselves with the elegant simplicity of *their ancestors*, and not in the foreign idiom of French jacobins, or in the drawling cant of republican hypocrisy.

—

Extracts of letters from a travelling friend, a foreigner of talent and observation.

"I stayed near a third of the day in your two *houses of parliament* at Lancaster. I shall never forget either the sight, smell, or hearing of them: the upper chamber was many degrees worse than a master taylor's shop of a Saturday night, in the closest part of London; and the lower, (what with pestilential vapours within, and filthy avenues to get there) was nearly upon the scale of a Canada *privy*. If I was not in my fourth sheet, and it is almost bed-time, I would give you a specimen of some of their speeches.

Here (at Washington) things are carried on in a very different style....and sumptuous to a degree....with good, plain gentleman-like speaking in both houses; and, as far as I can judge from one day's debate, less flippancy and wandering from the subject, than in our country. As for the city, there is excellent snipe shooting between the capitol and the *palais du president*, a tolerable sprinkling of quails, a perpetual serenade of frogs after sunset, and every appearance of musquitos, agues, intermittents, and other Summer advantages; famine is amongst the train, for there are no certain supplies, except you are at the expense of a daily conveyance to Baltimore, which Mr..... is obliged to be at, in order to keep his French cook employed....a most incomparable workman. I once thought six dollars a day too little for your congressmen; but I now find they can save from four and a half to five....they don't live, perhaps, as well as we do....They mess together, on soup, boiled beef, and cabbage, perhaps with a little rum and water, and they never take a coach, but walk, wet or dry, to the capitol, and sleep *two in a bed!* There's a pretty prospectus for you....does'nt it make your mouth water? It made my eyes trickle with laughter when I heard it, and I should laugh more, if you were to be angry with me for telling it you.

In my Washington news, did I tell you that the varlet Duane has actually been sitting to STUART for *his picture*, and it now lies along side of Jefferson's. Hogarth, whenever a notorious rogue was going to be hanged, used to go to Newgate and perform this office for him....therefore, I trust, the parallel will run as far on your side of the water, as on ours.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'E' is requested to persevere in her literary exercises. Mental employment sometimes assuages sorrow.

'Ithacus,' in one of his recent odes, has very happily revived the *old simplicity* of the classic writers in the reigns of the first JAMES and CHARLES.

'Asmodeo,' when in a merry vein, is peculiarly agreeable to the Editor. To the highly humorous travestie of the style of a fashionable author we mean to assign a front place in the Port Folio.

From 'Climenole' we have received, with peculiar pleasure, a note apologetical for a suspension of his essays. We are delighted to understand from this *ready writer*, that he will shortly resume his lucubrations. Whenever he chooses to copy the old comedians, who

> Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus aut fur
> Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius aut alioqui
> Famosus, *multa cum libertate notabunt.*

we shall always be alert to usher his bitterest satire into the world. Climenole need not be informed that the Editor of this paper will never hesitate, no not for a moment, to publish whatever can bring Democracy into hatred and contempt. Against the atheists and jacobins of this unhappy country, the prey of every villain, and the sport of every theorist, the Editor will always *set his forces in array*. He *invites* every species of satire which may gall or disperse the foe, and Climenole and his friends, who are the Editor's friends, and with whom he is in full political communion, are solicited to communicate their opinions frankly and frequently.

The Editor urges Genius and literary Labour to address to him their fugitive productions. A Journal widely disseminated, like this, is an eligible vehicle for short effusions, whether the object of the authors be mere notoriety, or legitimate fame. Of Learning and Genius it is required, that the collections of the first, and the inventions of the second, be imparted *often*, and perused by *many*.

> ....." The distinguish'd part of men,
> With *compass*, *pencil*, *reed*, or *pen*,
> Should in life's visit leave their name
> In characters, which may proclaim
> That they, with ardour, strove to raise
> At once their *arts* and country's praise,
> And in their working took great care
> That all was full, and round, and fair."
>
> PRIOR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Laberius held, or *Publius Syrus*,
No matter which...the search would tire us,
That he, who strives, by gentle dealings,
To sooth a scrub, of vulgar feelings,
Errs wide as he, by threats severe,
Who thinks to daunt a *cavalier*.
Dame nature o'er our shoulders threw
A doublet of the *truest blue*,
Which, tho' we labour to conceal,
By veils that reach from head to heel,
Various, in texture as in hue,
Yet keen observers still peep through.
*She hangs on each a brace of sacks!
One ponderous, fasten'd at our *backs*,
Contains our own misdeeds...the other
'Bout which, tho' light, we make a pother,
Our neighbors' secret faults encloses,
And ever bobs before our noses!
The freaks of youthful passion, find
Indulgence with the liberal mind;
Blam'd, haply, by the dull discreet,
Whose blood ne'er glow'd with generous heat;
Or by the mean and sordid elf,
Whose rule of right is love of *self*;
Or rail'd at by the sinner sly,
Who tramples on each moral tie;
What then...unsullied stands his fame,
'Till men of sense and virtue blame.
A scrape's the means our friends to try,
And shew on whom we may rely;
A sort of crucible, or ewer,
To purge base metal from the pure.
Give me the man, who will defend
Each word, each action of his friend;
Who scorns to sit, and hear his foes
Their false and rancourous tale disclose;
But fires, and with affection strong,
Supports him, whether *right or wrong*.

† Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas:
Propriis repletum vitiis post tergum dedit,
Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem.
PHÆDRUS.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

DELIA'S SMILE.

Go view each brilliant gem that shines
In all Golconda's diamond mines;
And as the radiant sparkles rise
To meet thine eager wond'ring eyes;
Then say, and speak, devoid of guile,
Are they so rich as Delia's smile?

Go mingle in the vulgar fold
Of sordid slaves who worship gold,
And ask if those of most possess'd,
Can say it made them truly blest;
And ask if gold can care beguile,
Like Delia's softest, sweetest smile!

Yet should't thou e'er expect to meet
An eye so bright, a look so sweet;
Still must thou never hope to find
So true an index of the mind;
So innocent, so free from guile,
As Delia's open, candid smile.

And if in some impassion'd hour,
Thou e'er has't felt th' extatic pow'r
Which eyes like hers alone impart,
Deep thrilling thro' thine inmost heart;
Thou then, must own, if free from guile,
That worlds are poor to Delia's smile!

If on the bed of writhing pain,
Which human strength can scarce sustain;
Or if on thy devoted head
Should fall each ill that mortals dread:
E'en then, thou'lt own, that pain and toil,
Were well repaid by Delia's smile.

PARMEGIANO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Written in 1802, *after the death of a favorite child.*

Come gentle sleep, contentment's friend,
Thy sweetly soothing influence lend,
To calm my troubled breast.
Ah seal in soft repose these eyes,
Suspend awhile these tears and sighs,
Which rob my soul of rest.

But thou dost not with sorrow dwell,
Nor do'st thou shed thy magic spell,
On lids oppress'd with care.
Thy soothing power is ever nigh,
To close the happy, tearless eye,
The blest thy favorites are.

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